

THE
White-Powder Plot
DISCOVERED,

OR,

A PROPHETICAL POEME,

Wherein is most elegantly revealed the
secret Combination of *Hell* and *Rome*, against the
interest of true Religion, and more particularly
against the late King of Blessed Memory, and King-
dom of England.

*Written before the late unhappy Wars broke forth, and
too sadly verified in them, which yet the Author scarce
lived to see.*

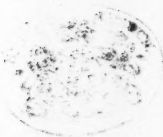
Also a Prophetical Rapture concerning the future extent
of this British Empire into Italy.

By GEORGE M.

LONDON

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46
724





Courteous Reader,

IT would be too much of injury to thee; to detain thee any time with a tedious *Epistle*, and to avoid that, I only in short give thee this account; that the Book thou art now about to engage thy pains in, (if thou dost not read it too slightly over) will not fail thee, as some do, that are larger in the first page than in all the rest that follow, but fully answer all thy expectations, that take their rise from thy view of the *Frontispiece*. Thus I

A 2

leave

leave it to thy judgment, which I
hope will neither be severe nor rash;
and I doubt not but after a serious
perlection, thou wilt conclude it a
friendly part done of him that
brought the *Poeme* to the Press,
which above this twenty years hath
been kept close prisoner in his dead
Master's Closet, and seems to be an-
tienter in its date than the first *Scot-
tish Expedition*; and perhaps after
thou hast weighed all its particulars,
thou wilt be as great an Admirer of it,
as he that commends it to thee.

Farewel.

Upon

*Upon that excellent Poeme of Mr. George May, called,
The White-powder Plot discovered.*



*Ere't not a sin both against Heaven and Thee,
To wish Thee back from thy Eternity;
How earnest should I be, that Earth again
Were enrich'd with thy presence? But in vain
Are all such thoughts, it is enough that we
Have any thing that did belong to thee.
Thy Book these many years since thou didst die,
Has Cloyster'd up it self from every eye,
Like a Close Mourner; Nay, a man may say,
It Buried was, like Thee, from sight or day,
And so had laid, but that a Happy Fate
Attends the Presse, and those to it relate.
Thus, and no other way, it comes to be
Extant with us, and risen before thee.*

A. B.

*Upon that most Ingenious Poeme of Mr. George May,
called, The White-powder Plot.*

I Now believe a Transmigration
Of Souls is no such fond opinion:
Since did not thy foreseeing one inherit
Some old Sybillas Strange Prophetick Spirit,
It were not possible thou shouldst so well
The King and Kingdoms Fortune thus foretell;
Or sing in lofty numbers Englands fate,
Which thou so long before didst antedate.
Such is thy Method, such thy History,
So clear thy Vein, so smooth thy Poetry,

So strangely taking, that it would require
The ripeſt Judgment which moſt do admire.
Prophetick raptur'd Soul! was I poſſeſt
with the deaſt ſpark which did inſpire thy breaſt,
I'd write thy Praises in a ſtrain as high,
As is thy much admired Prophecy;
Nay I'd turn Prophet too, and boldly ſay,
None ever was, or will be, match with May.

A. C.

On the poſthumous Prophetical Poeme of Mr. George May,
called, The White-powder Plot diſcovered.

H Ad I faculty for Verſe,
I would employ't to grace thy Hearſe
with Elegies, 'cauſe Thou didſt die
So ſoon, cut off by Deſtiny:
And that thy Book came forth ſo late,
which might have ſav'd both King and State.
But, O alas! Thy hour was come,
Through our irrevocable doom,
Not thine own fate: Thy Book conceal'd,
That Wrath on Sin may be reveal'd.
What Dreſs, O May, can ſuit thy worth?
'Tis thine own Flowers ſets thee forth.
I would be glad to live and ſee
What's yet behind, foretold by Thee.
For thy ſake, I could wiſh St. George's day
Henceforth tranſlated to the Month of May.

A. D.

To

To his BOOK.

MY little Book, if any chance to bring
Thee to the hands of *Charls*, my Sovereign King,
Present my bounden Love and Loyalty
And faithful Service to his Majesty.

Tell him that Men run mad, beware to trust,
For not a Man, amongst a thousand's just.

The *Dev'l's* unloos'd from his inchained Den,
And reigns, and rages, in the hearts of Men;
Sin strives with Virtue, gets the upper hand,
And makes Gods Vengeance scourge this Sinful Land.
The *Devil's* Motto is of great and small
Imbrac'd: (*Each for himself, and God for all*)

The time has been, when men would spend their Blood,
And sacrifice themselves, for *Soveraigns* good.
The time is now, (O happy time to reign)
When King love's People, People him again.
They are his Members, he their Royal Head,
How could they thrive, if he were sick, or dead?
Oh, then endeavour both with foot and hand,
To underprop this Head of *British Land*.
But now, alas! both hands and feet are lame,
Some both in *Court* and *Country* are too blame
In many things, which would amended be,
If that his eyes were ope, that he might see:
But they disable, Eye, and Hand, and Ear,
That he should neither See, nor Feel, nor Hear;
They know his Justice, and they fear his Rod,
As guilty Conscience fears the Wrath of God.

What *Joseph* now, doth neer the King remain,
That foresees Famine, and provides for Grain,
For to relieve their King and Countries want,
When Victuals fail, or Money waxeth scant?
I may with *David*, testify ther's none
In all the *Court*, or *Country*, scarcely one
That seeks for to advance their *Prince's* store,
Unless they pluck it from the backs o'th' Poor.
Poor Souls, they want, yet do not murmur much,
Because their true Religion makes them such.

But

But if in *Popish* times such things had been,
You should have many change of colours seen;
But *God* be blest, *Religion* doth advance,
Our dayes, above thole times of Ignorance.
We do adore our *Kings* as *Gods*, for we
Know, God commands, on Earth it so should be;
And pray that God may so our Souls reward,
As *Kings* may safely walk, without a Guard.
But I am sure his Royal ears would irch,
If he should hear how the o'r-ruling Rich
Oppress the Poor, and like self-loving Elves,
Care not who weep, so they may laugh themselves,
When as his *Majesty* well understands,
That a small number of some Rich Mens hands,
Cannot so much unto his profit prove,
As the enjoyment of his Commons Love.

Yet easy 't were, to speak't I dare be bold,
To furnish him with weighty sums of Gold
By lawful means, and fill his Chests with store,
And yet not take one Farthing from the Poor,
Nor wrong one Subject, If his Grace did know it,
And I perswade my self that I could show it.

Yet tell that true *Catholick Faith's Protector*
Thy Master is no common base *Projector*,
Nor aims at his peculiar private gain,
For he esteems all fading pelf, but vain;
Desires no superfluous Wealth, or Mear,
But cloaths for warmness, wholesome cates to eat;
And only wishes he may spend his Blood,
To do his Highness, and his Country good.
But *God*, who knows things secret and conceal'd,
Limits all times, when ought should be reveal'd.
God bless his Grace, and send him long to reign
To *God's* good glory, and our *Britains* gain.

Non nobis solum nati sumus.

G. M.

The Author's humble Petition to his right Royal, and thrice Noble Patron.

Great Sir, when you shall grace this little Book,
By lending of your Royal eyes to look
Thereon, and therein find ought that shall please
Your *Highness* appetite, my heart's ease.

But whatsoere you cannot well digest,
Then cancel it; For here I do protest,
My heart is guiltless, and my thoughts are free
From the least tincture of Disloyalty,
Or injury unto the meanest Swain,
Which in these Territories doth remain;
And live in hope to see, that time, and place,
Wherein I may do service to *Your Grace*.

And therefore (*thrice renowned Noble,*) since,
My aim shoots at the profit of my *Prince*,
I humbly pray, to let misprisions pass
Your Gentle Censure: For I know, alas,
My *Oaten-pipe*, and rustick home-bred strain,
Lacks pleasant Relish, for your *Courtly brain*.

Which done, if you vouchsafe your Royal hand
Unto the same: I'm sure it will command
The Churlish *Printer*, without further strife,
To give it freedom; Then whilst we have life,
My Book, and I, will both unto our power
Indeavour to approve, that we are

Your
Graces obsequious Servants: And will pray
For your eternal Happiness

George May.

**The Authors Prayer before
his Book.**

NOW thou who knowest the obtuse heart of Man,
who measurest the Earth as with a span,
who keepest the hurling Winds within thy fist,
So that they cannot rage, but when thou list;
who graspest the curled Waves within thy band;
who numberest each fraction in the sand;
whose Power can be abated by no Faction;
who swaist, and over-rulest every action;
So guide, and rule, this Terrene hand of mine,
That who so reads, may know the work is thine.
Pardon, O pardon, my presumptuous hand,
For his dear sake, who Advocate doth stand
At thy right hand, to stay deserved ire,
which else for Sin, might justly be my hire.
But since his Blood has washt my Sins away,
Now shew thy mercy on new-moulded clay.
Thy Mercy, makes thy Glory, brighter shine,
Than all thy Attributes, great and Divine.
Direct, and lead, my Heart, my Hand, and Pen,
That all may glorify thy Name.

Amen.



The WHITE-POWDER PLOT

Discovered.

Dark Nights black Curtains being something drawn,
 Grey-eyd *Aurora* in a smock of Lawn
 Appears : and *Darkness* like a Drunkard reels
 Through dayes by-paths, but shuns the burning
 Wheels

*A description
 of the
 Morning.*

Of glorious *Titan*, who doth blush to see
Aurora up and ready, before he
 Could fix his fulgent Raies upon his head,
 Which dies the Eastern World with so much Red,
 That 't caused Mortals stand and gaze thereon,
 Imagining some haughty *Phaeton*
 Usurpt his Fathers Charet once again,
 To curb his fiery Horses with the Reign.
 Just at this time, even at this present hour,
 I laid me down within a pleasant Bowr.
 The Hawthorn's whise, the Brier begins to bud,
 Upon the Grass appears a Chrystal flood
 Of pearled Dew, to quaver up and down,
 As threatening th' Earth once more therewith to drown.
 Roses, and Violets, Flowers of fragrant smell,
 Did on such clusters, in this Arbour dwell,
 As though alone within this pleasant Arbour,
 The choicest Flowers on Earth did strive to harbour.
 Grazing my Senses on this new come brood
 Of Springsweet Progeny, me thought there stood

*The Spring
 described.*

A Man *Angelical*, his Robes were White,
 His hair was long, much like a *Nazarite*,
 Whose awful sight causing my flesh to quake,
 To ease my fear, thus (thunder-like) he spake;
 Fear not (said he) good courage take, my Friend,
 For I come to thee for a holy end,
 That what by mee, to thee, this time presages
 Thou maist proclame unto succeeding ages,
 And unto Mortals, testifie, and tell,
 Those things thou hear'st, and see'st, in Heaven and Hell.
 Alas (said I) I am but rural bred,
 Such high imployments will confound my head,
 If that thy powerful Deity will be pleas'd,
 Let thy poor Vassal of this task be eas'd,
 Eie't a Person of some greater worth,
 Who can with Lofty, Courtly, terms set forth
 These Mysteries: poor *Hackneis* serve for *Us*,
 And none but *Courtiers* mount *Bucephalus*.
 My faltering tongue these words had scarcely said,
 When into th' Arbour steps a modest Maid,
 And in her hand, she brought a Pen and Ink,
 Some of the *Muses* sure she was, I think,
 Who stooping to the ground, kneeling thereon,
 I brought this Ink (said she) from *Helicon*:
 Within that Pen-sheath likewise is a Quill
 Pull'd (from a Swan bred on *Parnassus* Hill)
 By cunning *Mercury*, who prov'd the same,
 To win that beautiful, and stately Dame,
 Proud *Danae* to *Jupiter* for Gold,
 As antient Poets have in Stories told.
 This said, She made it fast unto my side,
 Then out of sight more quick than lightning glide.
 My eye scarce twinkled after this was done,
 But strait I found my resolution
 Quite metamorphoz'd, ready prest to go
 Where e'r it pleas'd my Guide conduct me to.
 Well (said the *Angel*) we must hence away,
 Our business calls, and will not brook delay.

With that, as though a thunder-bolt were driven
 Upon proud Earth, from just revenging Heaven,
 So fast, and faster were my Guide and I
 Mounted from th' Earth, above the azur'd Sky.
 Even here I found, that our Divines say true,
 We shall know men in Heav'n, which we ne'r knew
 Here upon Earth : and therefore sure to know
 Those friends above, which here we know below.
 For like as *Adam* knew his new-fram'd Wife
 So soon as ere she had a taste of life :
 And straitway call'd upon her by her name,
 Ne'r asking what she was, nor how she came;
 And like as *Scripture* unto us discloses,
 How that *Elias*, and the Prophet *Moses*,
 Were known to *Christ's* Disciples on the Mount,
 When who so list to calculate, or count,
 Shall find those *Prophets* died long before,
 Above a thousand years, or rather more.
 As *Adam's* Wife, and as th' Apostles these
 By inspiration knew ; So did it please
 Th' Almighty Rector of the hearts, that I
 Whilst I remain'd in thoughts above the Sky,
 Was excellent in knowledge, could have told
 Each Man, or Angels name, I did behold.
 Then instantly, a Cloud was drawn away,
 Which done, I might behold as clear as day
 A spacious place, all richly gilt with Gold,
 And pretious Stones, mine eies did ne'r behold
 So rare a Prospect, Man cannot invent
 A thing of so great note or wonderment.
 Here did the *Prophets*, and *Apostles* sit,
 Th' *Evangelists*, and all the rest that writ
 The life of *Jesus*, and his sacred Word,
 And all that *Martyr'd* were, by fire and sword,
 Whose Robes were as of colour d'yd in blood.
 I to behold this *Army Royal* stood
 As metamorphoz'd ; yet desir'd to know
 Th' event would follow such a glorious show :

Simile

*A Parliament
in
Heaven,*

Like

Simile,

Like when a *Traveller* weary, and fore,
 With travel, sits him down upon the shore
 Neer to the Sea, seeking his limbs to ease;
 He takes delight to view the restless Seas,
 Birds sweetly sing, the Sun most gently shines,
 The VVinds are calm, each thing to rest inclines;
 When all on sudain he is circled round
 With furious Lions, hemming in the ground,
 Each Lion on his curled back doth bear
 An armed Man, or warlike Trumpetter,
 Then Winds they bluster, Seas they rage and swell,
 The Trumpets sound, the Lions roar and yell,
 The Heavens rend, sending huge claps of thunder,
 And all at once ingender cause of wonder:
 'o whilst I sat in silence, with intent
 To see what this *Assembly Royal* meant;
 A sudain voice more fearful than all these,
 The Lions, Thunder, Trumpets, and the Seas,
 Did pour forth words, but every word it spake,
 Made all the frame of Heaven to dance, and shake;
 Then casting up mine eyes a little higher,
 I saw a bleeding Lamb in clouds of fire,
 Which did his speeches, down to them direct,
 Whose words were these, or unto this effect.

The Lamb's Speech in Parliament.

SHall I, the uncreated *King of Kings*,
 Be torn, and tortur'd, by these Earthly things?
 Shall *Justice*, (aid by *Mercy*), make them bold?
 Shall th' *Potter* by his *Vessel* be controld?
 Have I not cherish'd, nourish'd, bent my smiles
 Upon that *Island*, above all the *Iles*
 Of the Terrestrial Orb? Have I not given
 The crums of *Manna*, and the dew of Heaven,
 For meat, and drink, unto that wretched Land,
 And like a Nurse fed them with breast and hand?
 What do they want that Man can say is good,
 They eat, and drink, my Body and my blood.

*Great Bri-
 pain.*

The

The more they feed on me, I love them more,
 Did *Man*, or *God*, e'r shew such love before!
 And yet this thus blest Nation hath begun
 To disobey the *Father*, scorn the *Son*,
 And that their Sins might ripen to the most
 Spurn at the (Comforter) the *Holy Ghost*.
 How dare they (each day praying) call me *Father*,
 When they appear, to be the *Devils* rather?
 If I thy *Father* be, and thou my *Son*,
 Where is the honor thou to me hast done?
 Is it in offering Incense unto *B'all*,
 Or in thy feasting *Locusts* in thy hall?
 Am I so black, is my surpassing beauty
 So far decay'd, that thou forgetst thy duty?
 Oh no, 'tis sure in me is found no chinge,
 But thy corruption makes thee prone to range,
 Thou art ingrafted so on things below,
 That Heavenly things thou carest not to know.
 I with the *Ocean* have hemd them in
 To keep them to my self, from forein sin,
 Yet make they * Wooden Bridges, where pass over
Romes *Bylonians*, from *France* to *Dover*,
 They'r so besotted with that hellish train,
 As though the *Romans* were their *Lords* again.
 And it were just, to leave them in their paws,
 To be consumed with their *Fagot-Laws*,
 And take my Candle-stick from off their boards,
 And giv't to some that better fruits affords.
 Th' *Infernal Fiends* for *Justice* rage, and rave,
Justice they cry for, *Justice* they shall have:
 When th' quintessence of *Justice* shall be shown,
 The *Devil*, and *Hell*, can have but what's their own,
 And those are theirs I will no longer cherish,
 Mine shall be safe, although the damned perish:
 But you that are my solace, and my joy,
 Who suffer'd tribulation, and annoy,
 For my names sake, whilst you on Earth remain'd,
 And now the Crown of glory have attain'd,

* Ships.

I make y^e Exec^{rs} of my Testament,
 Perform 't according to my just intent.
 Let it be published abroad for use,
 Not subjected to silence, and abuse,
 Nor yet be writ in *Babels* unknown tone,
 Th' Author of Folly, and Confusion,
 But fair engros'd in *Text*, to read and spell,
 That those that run, or ride, may read it well,
 And see what *Hell* that *Lower-house* requires,
 If it be just, confirm to their desires.
 But look that *Mercy*, which is my delight,
 Be not encroach'd on, by the Prince of Night,
 My Blessing, Love, and Peace be with you still,
 I leave you now, to execute my will.
 This said, he veil'd himself behind a Cloud,
 As doth the 'sun, when he his Raies doth shrowd.
 Then did the *Saints* unto the *Lamb* sing praise,
 In holy Songs, and heavenly Roundelaies :
 Sitting attentive to receive such bills,
 As any offer'd, and to right their ills.
 My *Guide*, whom now I know to be the same
 Who striving with the *Devil*, overcame,
 For *Moyse*s body, which devouring *Dis*
 Did claim, and falsely challenge to be his,
 Took me by th' hand (saying) we must to *Hell*
 To see their actions that below do dwell;
 But fear thou nothing: for even I thy *Guide*
 Will thee protect from *Hell*, or ought beside.
 Stra't we descended to *Infern Abyss*,
 Where black *Egyptian Darkness* alwaies is,
 Darkness indeed, so thick it may be felt,
 Where Hellish stink of *Stryx* we quickly smelt,
 But when my *Guide* with 's finger toucht my nose
 All smelt to me as sweet as any Rose.
 And though we were where t'is eternal night,
 Yet had we to our selves a glorious light,
 Thus walking safely in the shades of death,
 Drawing in midst of stink, delicious breath ;

The Lamb's
Speech
ends.

St. Mi-
chael.

Hell descri-
bed.

By this we came unto the Rivers' brink,
 Which was of colour full as black as Ink;
 Here did *Night-Ravens*, and the *Scritch-Owls* fly,
 Here did the *Harpies*, and *Hyennas* cry,
 Here did the *Toads*, and *Crocodiles* rejoyce,
 Here did the *Telling Dragons* make a noise;
 Here sat old *Charon* in his loathsome Boat,
 Near to the shoar, in careless wise on float;
 Here did I such a lovely sight behold,
 As *Paint* ne'r drew, nor *Story* ever told.
 This tatter'd *Devil*, his shagged locks were black,
 Which hang benighted dangling on his back,
 In curled rolls, as ugly and as big,
 As any *Monfieurs* pock-hold *Periwig*;
 His head hung lolling down betwixt his thighs;
 As burnish'd lawcers brandish'd his eyes.
 Well (quoth my *Guide*) to make our time seem short,
 With this old Boat-man, we will have some sport.
Charon (said he) I charge thee forthwith tell
 What caus'd that uproar was of late in Hell?
 Like to the slow pace of a Thief by night,
 Or like a house remov'd by force and might,
 Or like a Ship that's turn'd without a Helm,
 Or like one lifting at a mighty Elm,
 As swift at least it seem'd, or something more
 Was *Charon's* haste to turn him to the shoar.
 Then like the voice of one from under ground,
 Or like the opening of a deep-mouth'd Hound,
 Or like one clos'd within a hollow Oak,
 With belching voice at last these words he spoke.
 I marvel you that live in blisfull light,
 Should trouble us here in eternal night,
 Our *Prince* is more abated of his *Pride*
 By *thee*, than all the Host of *Heaven* beside.
 Know that this hurly-burly here of late
 Was caused by two *Potentates of State*,
 In *Parliament* which should the *Speaker* be,
 And they in words did so far disagree,

Charon
 described.

Simile.

Simile.

Charon's
 Speech.

That

That from great words to fearful blows they fell,
 So that th' Inferiour Subjects of black Hell,
 Some taking this part, and some taking that,
 They dealt full roundly many a churlish bat.
 The noise being heard by *Pluto*, who did dine
 At that same instant with his *Proserpine*,
 Caus'd him on sudain rise, and leave his Wife,
 To know the meaning of such deadly strife :
 When coming, many a grisly Devil he found,
 By sturdy stroaks, ly tumbling on the ground,
 But by his presence having made them cease,
 And (which is seldom known in Hell) made peace,
 Inquiring of the cause of this debate,
 Forth steps a Devil with a broken pate,
 And unto *Pluto* in plain terms did tell,
 How that stern *Judas* and *Achitophel*
 Were cause of all : For that they strive (said he)
 Which in this Parliament shall *Speaker* be.
 Then *Pluto* charg'd them both by *Archeron*,
Charon, *Styx*, *Tartar*, *Po*, and *Phlegeton*,
 That they therein hereafter should not strive,
 For he would by his own *Prerogative*,
 Determine it the next time he had leasure,
 Commanding them, on pain of his displeasure,
 Not once to mention it in the mean space.
 Then strait took Boat, and landed at this place,
 With whom in company is gone the *Pope*,
 Who are arriv'd on Earth by this, and hope
 To bring good tidings unto Hell again
 From all their Factors that on Earth remain.
 For whom (said th' Angel) wilt thou give thy voice,
 Or which will *Pluto* (think'st thou) make his choice?
 I'm sure (said *Charon*) *Judas* is the Man,
 (Let proud *Achitophel* do what he can)
 For his true service and great labour spent
 On Hells behalf in former *Parliament*.
 I charge thee *Charon* (said my powerful *Guide*)
 Since leasure doth permit thee at this tide,

Declare

Declare what *Parliament*, and for what reason
 Did *Pluto* call the same, and since that season
 What acts did *Judas*, which his fame did raise
 So high, that he deserves so much thy praise.
 Like to a fretted *Ape* that mops and mows,
 Or like a *Baboons* fond fac'd antique shows,
 Or like a *Bull* thats chewing of his cudd,
 So *Charon* fares : Then fast into the mudd
 He runs his Boat, with all the force of Oar,
 And stepping forth, sits on the *Stygian* shoar.
 Then like the grumbling of some angry Cur,
 His slabber'd Chaps at last began to stir,
 Sounding like one within an empty Tub,
 At length these words were bluster'd by this Cub.

Simile.

Simile.

Charon's true tale.

HE needs must run the Devil drives (they say)
 But when the Heavens command, the Devils obey,
 And (though per force) yet list and I will tell
 The truest tale that e'r was told in Hell.
 When *Christ* (that's call'd the Son of God) was born,
 Our *Pluto* thinking for to work him scorn,
 To further his determinated ends,
 He summoned the chieftest of his *Feinds*,
 And though they sat in Council day by day,
 Yet all that ever they could plot, or say,
 Could not prevail against that Heavenly Seed,
 Whom Men call *Saviour*, as he is indeed,
 Until full time was come, or he the rather
 Offer'd himself, sweet Incense to his *Father*,
 To satisfy his *Justice* once for all,
 Who lost his favour by frail *Adam's* fall.
 But where he gave our *Prince* one wound before,
 He at his Death, gave many Millions more.
 Each Christian now dares challenge him the field,
 And by Fair force, inforce him for to yield.
 Our *Prince* thus wounded full upon the face,
 And galled with such eminent disgrace,

*The cause
 of Hells
 former Par-
 liament.*

Came

Came down to Hell, with Countenance so grim,
 That scarce his *Proserpine* durst speak to him ;
 But not the boldest or most hardy *Spright*
 That could be absent, would come in his sight.
 His choler something post ; incontinent,
 He calls his chiefeſt *Lords* to Parliament,
 For to devise how to ſuppreſs *Chriſt's* Word,
 Which had already as a conquering ſword,
 So rang'd about the World like a Commander,
 That it was talk on more than *Alexander*.
 Some ſaid it muſt be this way, Some, be that ;
 With eager minds both night and day they ſat.
 (Quoth *Pluto*) though in Hell be plague Wits,
 Yet there 's not one that in this Council ſits
 Hath levelled right, or ſhot juſt in the white.
 At laſt ſtood up an old Gray-headed *Spright*,
 An *antient Dev'l*, that winks ſtill with one eie,
 By name he 's called *Swordly Policy* ;
 One ſo well red in Hell's prognostick School,
 No mortal man can take him for a Fool ;
 He made obeysance, ſtooping ſo low down,
 Until he made the table kiſs his crown ;
 Then with a hem or two, to clear his throat,
 He ſung to *Pluto*, this well-pleaſing Note.
Great Prince (ſaid he) although my face be old,
 Yet ſhall my counſel be more worth than Gold.
 Thou knowſt that Chriſtian people make great odds
 Between us *Devils*, and th' immortal *Gods* :
 If we intend for to delude their ſight,
 We muſt transform our ſelves from black, to *white*,
 Seeming as though we came to them from Heaven,
 So by this means, they ſhall be quite bereaven
 To ſeek the right way, and be led by us ;
 The platform of my drift is framed thus ;
 Some old ſac'd Devil, whereof we have good choice,
 Of ſubtile heart, but ſingular of voice,
 Shall ſtand for *Peter*, Now this is my plot,
 In *Peter's* ſtead, to place *Iſcariot*.

*Worldly
 Policy's
 Counſel.*

The only Man, besetting such a place,
 For he'll betray even *Jesus* to his face.
 Thou know'st Religion is as yet but young,
 Suppress it therefore, e'r it grow too strong.
 I speak not this, thy Tutor for to be,
 For all I have (*Great Prince*) proceeds from thee,
 But having shown my duty, from my breast,
 My part is paid, do thou direct the rest.
 My Friend (said *Pluto*) thou hast pleas'd me well,
 I henceforth make thee *Chancellor of Hell*.
 And forthwith *Judas* he did thither call,
 Who being plac'd i'th' middle of the Hall;
Judas (said he) because I have thee found
 Unto my service alwaies firm and sound,
 I mean t' employ thee, and I here install
 Thee upon Earth our *Vicar General*.
 Great *Rome* shall be thy Seat, as *Peter's* Heir,
 Thou shalt inherit both his Keyes and Chair.
 But when thou nam'st thy self, be sure thou ly'st,
 And write thy self, *Servant of Jesus Christ*.
 So by that means, men shall be drawn by thee,
 To prostitute their Souls to Hell and me.
 In *Bishops* habit shalt thou go each day,
 But in thy *Robes* shalt be more rich than they.
 Thou *Keyes*, and *Crosier-staff*, in hands shalt bear,
 And *Golden Sandals* on thy feet shalt wear.
 No common Crown shall serve, thou shalt in stead
 Be triple-crown'd, and *Myrt* on thy head;
 That who so names, what on thy head he seeth,
 May have the *Devils T---* betwixt his teeth.
 Thou shalt not marry during all thy life,
 For many Whores are sweeter than one Wife;
 Such Brood as on their wombs thou shalt beget,
 Make thy great *Cardinals*, let them be set
 In chiefeft places, next to thy right hand,
 They may be alwaies ready at command.
 Fear nothing, never doubt in ought to err,
 For *Worldly Policy* thy Counsellor

Pluto his
 Commissi-
 on to Ju-
 das,

Shall

Shall thee instruct ; and see that no disgrace
 Befall thy self nor any in thy place.
 All *Pluto's* Subjects shall on thee attend,
 With help from Hell ; thou shalt not need to send.
 Give *pardons* for all Sins, nay, sell them rather,
 For Whoredom, Murther, though one kill his *Father*,
 Commit Theft, Incest, or what ever thing,
 To any Subject that shall kill his *King*.
 Thus shalt thou heap up VVealth in endless store
 By *Bribes*, and gifts, from every Knave or VVhore.
 Thus wealthy Men from Sin shall never cease,
 In hope their self will purchase their release.
 Imit're me thy *Prince*, for thou dost know,
 That Ferce-like I gave *Christ* blow for blow,
 And though I could not overcome by might,
 Yet ce't I not to work my utmost spight :
 So though thy aim do sometimes chance to miss,
 Yet faint not, but molest both him and his.
 Strike the best Christian alwaies on the face,
 And by all means work vertuous Men disgrace.
 Though ne'r so small their fault, yet shalt thou make
 Them baird be, like Bulls at every stake.
 Suppress Religion, but be sure t' advance
 Found Superstition, and Ignorance.
 Make Laws, and Statutes, wherein let 't be death
 For him that whispers but the smallest breath
 Against thy Supreme Pow'r, so Mighty Nations
 Shall fear thy Bulls, and Excommunications.
 Let *Dirges*, *Masses*, and such trash be brought
 Into the Churches as are good for nought,
 But t' fill Mens minds with vain fantastick toies,
 As Drums and Rattles please young Gils and Boies.
 This said, *Don Pluto* sat down in his place,
 For whilst he spake he stood up all the space.
Judas by signs did gratify his *Lord*,
 For he made cur'sies, but spake ne'r a word.
 Then 't was devis'd how this great *Potentate*,
 Should be conveid unto his *Chair of State*,

The end of
 Pluto's
 Oration.

Judas his
 State,

Some said 't were fitting that the Great *Iscariot*,
 Triumphant like should have a stately Chariot.
 Some said, by water he might better go:
 But I deni'd, and sware I would not row
 So far from *Stryx*, although it be not far,
 For *Stryx* and *Tyber*, two neer neighbours are:
 But loss might come hereby, and you may note,
 And we lose Souls by wanting of my Boat.
 One cry'd a Coach, and this was liked well,
 The first that e'r was known was made in Hell,
 Strait six *Pegasian Sprights* were ready prest,
 To draw the Coach, in Harness richly drest,
Despight was Coach-man, whose commanding hand
 Did guide the reigns, and make them go or stand
 At every check, who with his knotty whip,
 Would now and then, cause them curvet and skip.
 He had for his Possillion *Vain Desire*,
 A vile ambitious Dwarf, who to be higher
 Dorth toil, and moil, in mire and dirt full o't,
 And yet regards not, so he be aloft.
 In th' one end *Judas* sits, in th' other sat
Pride, with a plumz of feathers in his Hat.
 In one Boot sat *Murther* and *Treachery*,
 In th' other *Drunkenness* and *Leachery*,
 Twelve *Lacques* ran close by the Coaches side,
 As pestilent as any there, but *Pride*,
 Ten thousand *Furies* rode before and after,
 Some making antique tricks, provoking laughter,
 So thus attended mighty *Judas* roid,
 And strait in *Rome* was honored as God:
 And reason good, who else durst be so brisk
 To tread upon the *Asp* and *Basilisque*?
 At first he spreads abroad his potent Theam,
 Charging the VVold to Tittle him *Supreme*.
 The haughty *Spaniard* he began to puff,
 And swore by 's *Rapier* and great *Spanish Ruff*,
 That with the *Prelates pride* he would be even,
 Scorning to stoop to any under Heaven.

And At-
 tendants,

Spain is
 startled.

To

To stop whose mouth, *Judas* did forthwith call
 On *Pride*, who newly was made *Cardinal*,
 And sent him *Lord Ambassador* to *Spain*,
 The scope of whose *Embassage* did contain,
 That *Spain* should pardons have for *Usurpation*,
 And *Pride* should be no sin unto that Nation.
 He likewise from his *Hollowness* did bring,
Spain's Popish Title: *The Catholick King*.
 The *Cardinal* in *Spain* such favour gain'd,
 That by the *King* he strait was entertain'd
 In sumptuous manner: who did likewise give
 Him maintenance in *Spain* whilst he should live.
 This news from *Spain* went potting into *France*,
 Who gul'd therewith upon great *Horses* prance
 Into the fields, threatening not only *Rome*,
 But all that took their parrs in *Christendom*;
 Who e'ry fury *Judas* to prevent,
 Sent an *Ambassador* incontinent,
 Who brought them pardons for *Idolatri*,
Fainthearted Cowardize, and *Lechery*,
 Though they should worship breathless stones and rocks,
 And Whore, and wanton till they got the *Pox*,
 Yet should these be no sins unto that Nation,
 But only counted for their Countries fashion.
 These things buz'd into their fant'stick heads,
 The Apes return from fields, unto their bedds.
 This done th' *Ambassadors* return again,
 The one from *France*, the other forth of *Spain*,
 The *Spaniard* sent (in token of contrition)
 Word, he would found the *Spanish Inquisition*.
 The *French* sent word to *Rome*, he would advance
 The *Pope's Supremacy* throughout all *France*.
 By imitation of these two great Kings,
 He in short time, into subjection brings,
 All *Christendom*, within the *Papal* power,
 T'imbrew themselves in lust with *Babels Whore*.
 Thus lull'd a-sleep with poison of her Cup,
 Of which all *Christian Nations* took a sup:

France
fiels.

Both are
quieued.

Hell danc'd for joy, for Souls did seldom cease,
 To fill my Boar, and glut Hell with increase :
 From *Sweathland, Poland, Holand, Germany,*
 From *Denmark, Ireland, and fair Albany*
 Came *Popish Profelites* in flocks to Hell :
 It were impossible the number tell.
 Thus it continu'd many hundred years,
 Untill at length, in *Germany* appears
 Some glimpse o'rh' *Gospel*, and to *England* came
King Henry, call'd the *eighth* King of that name.
 In whose last years, and his son *Edward's* Reign
 Hells Kingdom lost in *England* : But again
 King *Edward* dead, Queen *Mary* got the Crown,
 Our hopes revive, the *Gospel's* troden down.
 Oh then our friends did flourish in the Court,
London and *Winchester* did make us sport.
 My Boar and I, on *Thames* were as well known,
 As here upon this River of our own.
 But as for *Lambeth*, *Canterburies* seat,
 Old *Cranmer* left thereon such holy sweat
 As I had rather spend my time in Hell,
 Than one hours space, be bound t'abide that smell.
 Well, all Queen *Maries* dayes, *Smithfield* did flame
 With fire and Faggots, one may without shame
 Report that *Smithfield* had more Roast therein
 Than all *Pye-corner*, yet commit no sin.
 But sure I think, that blood for *vengeance* cry'd
 'Gainst *Rome* and *Hell*, for then Queen *Mary* dy'd :
 Whose too stout sister, banished the *Pope*,
 His *Masse-Priests* suffering penance in a *Rope*.
 And although *Rome* did oft stout spirits send,
 With strange devises for to work her end,
 Yet could they ne'r prevail, good reason why,
 For she had help which man could not espy.
 As in her life, so did she at her death
 Her Crown and Kingdom unto one bequeath
 As far declining from *Romes* pow'r as she,
 As by his own hand-writing you may see,

Gardiner
 and Bon-
 ner.

Q. Eliz.

Whose Son (*Great Charles*) is of his fathers mind,
 So that we are almost past hope to find
 Any redress in *England*: yet we hope'd
 That when their *King* had with *Queen Mary* cop'd,
 We should have gotten in by means of *France*,
 And by *Queen Maries* means our cause advance,
 But she's more like to *Mary Christs* dear Mother,
 Than their last *Mary Queen*, or any other.
 Yet under colour of that *Flower de Luce*,
 Our *Priests* make bold to chittrer and seduce:
 So that in *England* we have better store
 Of Papists now, than three-score years before.
 By this, and other grievous sins we know,
 Which in that Land do plentifully flow,
 We hope such Bills against them to preserr
 As shall take place at Gods Tribunal Barr.
 As he is mercifull, so is he just:
 And Sinners certainly he punish must.
 If We for one sin were cast down to Hell,
 And they unpunish'd pass; he doth not well.
 For our one sin, we'l prove at least a score
 Imbrac'd by them, if not a thousand more:
 We stay but till our Prince return again,
 And then we hope to work their utter bane.
 Now have I done, I can no longer stay,
 For *Pluto* calls, and I must needs obey.
 Thus with a clownish tone his tale he ends,
 Then to his rusty Boat in haste he wends.
 My *Angel* smil'd to see this hasty Devil,
 How swift are they (said he) to run to evil?
 But we'l prevent their haste, and be in Hell
 Before they come to hear *Achitophel*
 Dispute with *Judas*, for the *Speakers* place,
 And yet we'l be concealed all the space.
 Then were we there, before one could devise
 To think one thought, or twinkle with one's eyes.
 The place was wondrous spacious, dark as night,
 But that Sulphureous fire did give some light.

Charons
 Tale ends.

Hell de-
 scribed.

The noyse was marvellous, the shrieks and howls,
 Which pierc'd our ears, from Hell-tormented Souls.
 The several torments I cannot declare,
 But wish all men take heed, they come not there.
 Scarce had we view'd this ghastly spacious round
 But that we heard a strange disorder'd sound,
 Much like the noise of some Rebellious rout,
 Such hurly burly was made all about.
 By which we guess, that place was then prepar'd
 Against the Disputation should be heard.
 And as we thought, so did the matter prove,
 For strait came *Pluto*, and with him his Love,
 VVith whom such multitudes of *Devils* came
 As it is past all cunning for to the name.
 The Rable set, in some disorder'd order,
 There stood up one, I think 'twas *Hells Recorder*,
 VVho after Declaration of the cause
 Of this their meeting, took a little pause,
 Then roaring out aloud, he did proclame.
 In their great Prince, *Don Plutoes* dreadfull name,
 That none should dare, once silence for to break
 VVhil't the two Disputants had ought to speak.
 This said: *Ahithophel* appear'd in place,
 And then came *Judas*, with a shameless grace,
 VVho strait began in vile unmanner'd sort
 VVithout leave ask'd, to break silence in the Court.
 But *Pluto*, sharply him then reprehended,
 Although (said he) thou art to be commended
 For much good service, yet I must thee tell,
 Thou art much younger than *Ahithophel*,
 So that when he his mind hath first declar'd
 (*My friend*) at large thou likewise shalt be heard.
 This caus'd *Judas* cease; then strait began
Ahithophel to stroak his beard, and than,
 Obeysance made, with thanks unto his Prince,
 He thus begun. *Most dreadful Monarch*, since
 It is thy pleasure, so far me to grace,
 To give me such preheminnce of place,

*A Parlia-
ment in
Hell.*

*Ahitho-
phels Ora-
tion.*

And you my *Lords*, and fellow *Furies* all,
 By him assembled, in this spacious Hall,
 Give me but leave t^e unfold my mortal life, :
 Then judge of *me*, this *Judas*, and our strife.
 My famous Counsel unto *David*, (King
 Of mighty *Judah*) through the Word did ring,
 He, and his Princes, did my counsel follow
 More than the Oracles of great *Apollo*.
 No thing was done, which pleased not me well,
 No Counsel then, but from *Ahithophel*.
 Thus did I flourish in that famous Court
 For many years, as *Scriptures* do report :
 Until proud *Absalom* began t^e rebel,
 Oh then began thy fall, *Ahithophel*.
 For though my Master was *King, Prophet, Priest*,
 And more than that, the Type of *Jesus Christ*,
 Yet did I (Oh abominable thing)
 Seek to betray this *Prophet, Priest*, and *King*.
 Read Histories and *Scriptures*, o're and o're,
 And you shall never find the like before.
 And yet not satisfi'd with this great evil,
 To show I lov'd my Sovereign Lord the Devil,
 I sacrific'd to him my latest breath,
 So to make sure my everlasting death,
 Having a great desire with him to dwell,
 And, rather than see *David*, live in Hell.
 I know that many foolish *Jacks* and *Gills*,
 Have come to Hell : but sore against their wills,
 In hope to rid themselves from further pain ;
 But I, of malice, and of proud disdain
 Did chuse this place : because I was perswaded
 I should not meet my wronged Master *David* :
 VVhere I have dutifully ever since,
 Attended on the person of our *Prince*.
 Now having both *Antiquity* and fame
 Preceding *Judas*, I do hold it shame
 To stand in competition with a fool,
 VVho ne'r was train'd like me, in wisdoms school.

I hope this is sufficient : and will try
 VVhich of us twain, *Iscariot*, or I,
 Deserve the more respect in each degree,
 And therefore judge, betwixt the fool and me.
 Then sent the *Devils* out a mighty yell,
 Casting up fire-brands, cry'd *Abithophel*,
Abithophel! *Abithophel*, cry'd they
 Must have the place, come, let us not delay
 To give our voyces all with one consent
 He may be *Speaker* in this *Parliament*.
 Nay, soft (said *Judas*) you must hear me speak,
 Or else you cause our Prince his promise break :
 And when at full I have declar'd my mind,
 Then give your voyces, unto him you find
 The best deserving, for our King and Hell,
 VVhether to me, or proud *Abithophel*.
 T'ren *Pluto* said, they could not well deny
 His reasonable sute, therefore reply
 VVith expedition, what thou hast to say,
 For often danger is bred by delay.
 Thus *Judas* having leave, did forthwith rise,
 And on *Abithophel* did fix his eyes,
 I wonder (said he) this man hath a face,
 VVith me to make contention for this place,
 For I can cause him eat each word he spake,
 And for his folly, me amends to make :
 One but half-witted, marking every word,
 May well perceive, they very much afford
 For my avail; for see how he begins
 Even at the first (fool like) to break his shins.
 He was of Counsel to a mighty King,
 A goodly Dish; nay more, to mend the thing,
 Not onely *King*, but *Prophet*, and a *Priest*,
 And *Type* of that immortal *Jesus Christ*.
 In one of these thou art mistaken : why,
 He was no *Priest*, and therein do'st thou lye,
 Now judge of this, and of the rest beside,
 He serv'd the *Type*, and I, him *Typist*'d,

*Abitho-
phels Ora-
tion ends.*

*Judas his
speech.*

He

He did the shadow, I the substance serve
 In all his life : and never from him swerve,
 But followed him, and was of credit such,
 I all his Treasure kept, though ne'r so much.
 He did betray an Earthly man : but I
 A heavenly wight, and *King of Majesty*.
 Now judge, I pray, if our deserts be even,
 He betray'd Man, But I *great God of Heaven*.
 Did ever any do the like, beside
 My self, and thee (*great Belzebub*) in pride?
 I imitate thy self, for thine was done
 Against the Father, mine against the Son,
 In one thing we agree all three the most,
 VVe all did sin against the *Holy Ghost*.
 But as my sin was equal unto thine,
Ahiathophels cannot compare with mine,
 I did deserve not onely to be *Pope*,
 But with great *Belzebub* himself to cope,
 Much more to stand at this same time, for place,
 VVith such a slave, I do my self disgrace.
 And therefore chuse you whom you list, for me,
 I scorn the matter should in ballance be.
 And so in fury from the place he flung,
 Having their ears with these his speeches stung.
 And when they saw how fiercely he departed,
 It made *Ahiathophel* to seem faint-hearted.
 But all were mute, and dumb, till *Pluto's* self
 Began to speak, (said he) this peevish elf,
 I mean *Iscariot*, hath but truly said,
 And for his service should be ill apaid,
 If we should not reward him with this place,
 Or any other, though of greater grace.
 And as for thee *Ahiathophel*, I'll see
 By some means else, to grace and honour thee.
 This said, they all consent, and gave their voyces
 For *Judas*, which they yiel'd with fearfull noyses,
 Crying, a *Judas, Judas*, all about,
 And so broke up this Court of hellish rout.

*Judas his
 speech ends.*

Thus having seen *Hells* scope, and full intent,
 VVe haste to *Heaven*, against the Parliament,
 VWhich we imagin'd would begin with speed,
 And as we thought, so did it prove indeed :
 For as we came without the Walls, (we found)
 Of *New-Jerusalem*, a spacious ground
 All full of seats, in order finely set,
 Some white as Ivory, some black as Jet,
 But none might come thereto by a great space,
 VVithout leave got, of them who kept the place,
 VWhich were strong *Angels*, who were set to guard
 The place from comers, so I was debarr'd
 From entrance in, untill my *Angel* said
 He must come in ; who heard, was strait obey'd.
 Then sate we down upon a bank of Roses,
 As wearied men are wont to take repotes,
 Untill such time as some few hours were spent
 Before th^e appointed time of *Parliament* :
 But I being weak of nature, could not keep
 My orewak'd eye-lids ope, but fell asleep :
 VVherein such heavenly Visions did bewrap me,
 As I desir'd such sleep might still benap me.
 There did the Lamb and Lion play together,
 The Dove and Falcon, Dog and Hare, yet neither,
 The Lion, Lamb, Dove, Falcon, Dog, or Hare
 Shew'd any enmity, or malice there,
 But were as Loving one unto another,
 As any Sister to her dearest Brother.
 VVith many slumbers of such sweet delight,
 I past the quantity of one whole night,
 Yet is no night, nor darkness in that place,
 For it was light as Sun-shine, all the space.
 But when my *Angel* saw it time to wake me,
 He took me by the elbow, and did shake me,
 Saying, 'tis time to rouze, for now (said he)
 The time approaches, wherein thou shalt see,
 The kouses set, and all the *Devils* at hand,
 To urge their bills against thy *Native Land* :

New Je-
 rusalem.

VVhere

VWhere thou shalt be admitted t' speak thy mind
 VWhen just occasion thou shalt see or find.
 Alas (said I) I am but Earthly mould
 And dare not think, much lesse to speak, be bold.
 The *Devils* are fearfull, yet for them I care not,
 But before *Heaven* and glorious wights, I dare not.
 Then he rebuk'd me, saying, Thou canst tell
 That I preserv'd thee from the powers of *Hell*,
 And that at my command thou wast let in
 Into this place, where none (like thee in Sin)
 Did ever enter, therefore never doubt
 To answer, for my self will help thee out.
 VWith that recomforted, I promist I
 VWould (by him prompt) make answer, and reply
 For my poor Countrey; so thou must (said he)
 For 't is determin'd that it so shall be.
 I am content (said I) then did we hear,
 Such Musick, as might ravish mortal ear,
 Then Thunder, Lightning, and such streaks of fire
 VVe'e hui'd abroad, as made me to admire
 VWhat was the cause; well now the *Lamb* (said he)
 Doth take his place, and sit unseen: yet see
 All passages, what here is said or done
 More perfectly than e're thou saw'st the Sun.
 Then Thunder ceast, and Musick plaid again,
 VWhen I beheld a brave and goodly train
 Of glorified Saints, appear in view,
 (I ne'r did see mens faces of such hew)
 VWho filled all the seats of Ivory white,
 In such grave order, that bred sweet delight,
 I never saw so brave a sight before,
 Nor mortal eye was e'r delighted more.
 VVe'l, they being set, the Musick then did cease,
 And for a space, there was a silent peace:
 Until a Trumpets sound was heard from high,
 VWhich done, a Royal voyce did by and by
 Pronounce these words: *My Faithfull servants*, here
 The damned Fiends of Hell will strait appear

The Lamb
 takes his
 place in
 Parlia-
 ment.

England,

To cry for *Justice* 'gainst that *sinfull Land*,
 Which I have loved as my own right hand ;
 And cannot hate it, if they would be driven
 To leave their vices, and look up to Heaven :
 Which is as much offended with their crimes,
 As with *Jerusalem* in former times.
 For as their Barns, and Coffers fill with store,
 So do their sins abound, and gather more.
 So that the *Dev'ls* will find sufficient cause
 Of punishment, for breach of all our Laws.
 You shall their bills, and all such answers take,
 As *any person* to the same shall make,
 Which you in *Parliament* shall read and see,
 But you the censure shall referr to me :
 So that no Statute shall be made, or done,
 Before I grant for it Commission.
 This said, we presently did hear a Din,
 Crying, on, on apace, in in, in in;
 Then came grim *Pluto* rushing in, with whom,
 Came hand in hand the powerfull *Pope of Rome*,
 Accompanied with such a hellish Rable,
 As to account *Arithmetick's* not able :
 Who being seated, *Judas* up did stand,
 Crying for *Justice* on the *British Land*;
 If *God* be just (said he) we *Justice* crave,
 That they with us might equal *Justice* have.
 I have brought Witnesses to prove their sin,
 Desiring they may be admitted in.
 Some of their Witnesses I here will name,
 Who with their bills, they brought to prove the same.

The Bri-
 tish Island
 is indicted,

Enter the
 Witnesses.

They brought to prove Pride.

F *Abius*, who in his life swelled with pride,
 Swallow'd a hair in Milk, whereof he di'd.
Poppeia, *Neroe's* Concubine of old,
 Who shod her Horses feet with burnisht Gold.
 The Emperour *Dioclesian* likewise came,
 Who (*brother to the Sun*) himself did name.

E

To

To prove Covetousnesse.

They brought *Hermocrates*, who at his death
 Did all his goods unto himself bequeath.
Crasus and eke *Caligula* were there,
 Whose covetous Actions did surpass compare.
Demonica, who *Ephesus* for gain
 Sold, and with weight of that same Gold was slain.

To prove Anger.

Great *Alexander*, who in 's angry mood
 Kill'd *Clitus* his old Counsellor, and good.
 And *Dionysius*, who orecom'd with rage,
 Stab'd to the heart his most indulgent Page.
Periander who with furious anger led
 His most dear Wife unkindly murdered.

To prove Drunkenness.

The Tyrant *Dionysius*, whose delight
 In too much drinking, caus'd him lose his sight:
Arunthus who in beastly drunken fit
 With his own Daughter incest did commit.
 And *Ptolomy*, who with excess oppress
 Slew both his Parents, and di'd like a beast.

To prove Disdain.

Great *Anthony*, who caus'd *Tullies* head
 Be set to scorn, when *Cicero* was dead.
Xenophon, *Demosthenes*, and *Plato* wise,
 Who each to other, did strange scoffs devise.
 And *Geta*, and *Antonius*, brethren born,
 Who each kill'd other, through their private scorn.

To prove vain Delight.

S*ardanapalus* pleasures true sworn guest,
 Who from a man was changed to a beast.
Xerxes who unto none would give his Treasure,
 But t' such as could invent new kinds of pleasure.

Demetrius who to pleasure was so given,
That from his Countrey he was forc'd and driven.

To prove Lust.

Queen *Cleopatra* whom her brother us'd,
And both her husband, and her self abus'd.
Thalestris, who did twenty five dayes ride
To ly one night by *Alexanders* side.
Claudius, who of his sister made no spare.
Semiramis, who us'd her Son and Heir.

To prove Blasphemy.

Phercides, who did great *God* despise,
Then eat with Lice, most miserably dies.
Lucian the Atheist, likewise *God* deni'd,
Who torn by Dogs in pieces, justly di'd.
Iustinian, who did sleightly *God* regard,
Became a fool, and di'd with that reward.

To prove Idolatry.

They brought so many for to prove this same,
That I admir'd, and therefore cease to name.

All these (said *Judas*) ready are to prove
The *English Nation* do imbrace and love
All these forenamed sins, and Millions more,
As well as we, who damned are therefore.

The old World of *Gods Justice* yet can tell,
Ninivie and *Babylon* can witness well;
Thus *Sodom* and *Gomorrha*, tokens bear
That by his *Justice* they consumed were.
Nay, his beloved people can declare
How that *Jerusalem* he did not spare.
And *Judahs Lion* yet can testifie
Gods Justice spar'd not him, but he did die.

And is it just that this so sinfull Land
Should find more favour, flourish still, and stand?
If that his *Justice* he hath quite forgot,
Then let him favour us, we feel it not.

Or if his *Mercie* hath o'r-drown'd it quite,
 Then let him turn our Tortures to delight:
 Or else impartial alwayes let him prove,
 And not for sin, some punish, and some love.
 I wish some of that Land were in this place,
 That we might plead our causes face to face.

*The Poets
 plea for his
 Native
 Countrey.*

Then spake *my Guide*, I here have brought a man,
 To answer for his Countrey what he can.
 With that prostrated on the ground I fell;
 (Said I) These vvitnesses are all of Hest.
 Therefore according to our *English Laws*
 I might except againt them and their cause.
 But great Celestial Saints, I dare not move it,
 For they have nothing said, but they may prove it.
 There is no sin, these *Hellish Fiends* do name,
 But in our Land abundantly the same
 Doth over-run it: yet God doth not will
 For any sin, a Sinner strait to kill.
 He in his *Mercy*, alwayes shakes the Wand,
 Before in *Iustice*, he consume a Land.
 Thus with the old World, it is understood,
 He sweetly dealt, before he brought the Flood.
 With *Babylon, Ninivie, Jerusalem,*
Sodom, Gomorrah: And as so with them,
 Even so to us he hath fair warning given,
 That by that Means we might from sin be driven;
 For often our distressed Sin-sick Land
 Is scorched by the *Taper* of his hand.

Plague.

And if these warnings cause us not t' renew
 Our lives, we may fear Judgements will ensue.

Simile.

But as a Woman which at Barr doth stand,
 And is commanded to hold up her hand,
 Then being asked what she can reply
 To stay her sentence, that she should not die,
 She falling down, doth openly confess,
 That as the Jury found her, so no less
 She hath deserved death, and Guilty stands
 Ready to suffer, when the Judge commands:

But

But yet his Lordships favour she doth crave,
 He would be pleased for to let her have
 The benefit of her increasing Womb,
 Before the execution of her Doom.
 It is not fit, the *Judge* doth then reply,
 For *Mothers* fault, the guiltless *Child* should die,
 Because hereafter (if God send it health)
 It may do service to the Commonwealth;
 And therefore grants the Woman a Reprieve,
 That till she be delivered, she may live.

Even so, I here in my poor Nations name
 Plead guilty, and confess that for the same
 It stands condemn'd to th' fire, and know not why
 It should not execution have, and die;
 But that within it is some unknown birth
 Of holy fruit, as yet not blossom'd forth,
 Which may hereafter (if God bless 't with health)
 Prove to *Gods* glory, and to th' *Commonwealth*
 A special Member; therefore we desire,
 Till it be born, to spare us from the fire:
 Which being done, let execution come,
 And all the World receive the fiery doom.
 Untill which time, we trust the Lord will prove
 (As he hath promised) the *God of Love*,
 And keep his *Justice* in his powerfull hand,
 But pour his *Mercy*, on us, and our Land,
 That we thereby may once again be driven
 To leave our sins, and set our minds on Heaven.

The Devils *Justice* cry, I *Mercy* crave,
 And either party hope their sure to have;
 But sure, I shall obtain, they shall mistake,
 For I beg *Mercy*, for *Christ Jesus* sake.

Whereat the Devils trembled; but that face
 Which never yet had any spark of grace,
 Hells *Speaker Judas*, he began to cry
 God wanteth *Justice*, if they do not die,
 And bawling *Lawyer* like, made such a do,
 I think he would have bawled untill now,

But

But that *Sr. Michael* caus'd him cease his prate,
Teaching him Manners with a broken pate.

*St. Pauls
Plea.*

Then stood up good *St. Paul*, who thus Disputes;
Of all *Jehovahs* mighty Attribures,
He loveth *Mercie*, though he *Justice* show,
Unto some sinfull peoples overthrow,
Yet is that unto some forsaken place
Which is past hope, and barren of all grace.
What though this Land in many sins abound?
Yet in this place they hear the *Gospels* sound,
Which of it self, sufficient is to gain,
A sinfull Soul, although 't be dy'd in grain.
And therefore (*blessed Saints*) if you consent
For this time we'l adjourn this *Parliament*,
And send these bawling *furies* into *Hell*,
Me thinks this *Englisk-man* hath pleaded well.

*The Pa-
liament is
adjourned.*

For since it was *Jehovahs* sacred mind
To send them plagues, we hope we shall them find
Hereafter penitent, and grace obtain,
Or otherwise, they but prolong their pain.
With that the *Saints* did yield their full consent
For that time to adjourn the *Parliament*;
But promist *Pluto* that if *Mercy* fail
To work redress, then *Justice* shall prevail.

With that the *Devils* were compell'd again
Unto their place of everlasting pain:
And in a Moment I could not espy
A Creature left besides my Guide and I;
Which made me stand as one full sore amaz'd,
Or like a man beside his wits I gaz'd.

My *Angel* (smiling said) poor mortal wights,
How quickly are you daunted in your Sprights?
Take courage man, and bear a manly heart,
For I will set thee safe before we part,
Where first I found thee, therefore let us haste,
For time is precious, which we must not waste.

Then as we came without the Gates of Heaven,
There laid the heap of stones that brain'd *Sr. Steven*,

With

With many more, But yet I marked one
 Had writ upon't *The Philosophers stone*,
 Which taking in my hand, I did behold,
 (Said I) is this the stone turns all to Gold?
 It is, (said he) How comes it then (said I)
 That mortal men do seek to come thereby
 By *Chimistry*, where is it onely lies
 Within this place, and not below the skies?
 Because they're fools (said he) for none may come
 To purchase it, although there have been some
 In former times, which did obtain the same,
Philosophers, of whom it bears the name;
 But such they were, as not the like is found
 These sinfull dayes, to live upon the ground.

For ther's no mortal can obtain this Stone,
 Unless he be of Conversation one,
 As will not put the same to any use,
 Which may redound to Commonwealths abuse:
 Nor to his profit must convert the same,
 Either for lucre, pleasure, ease, or Game.
 Such as to no vain earthly thing is given,
 Or t' love the World or pleasure can be driven.
 As will by no means bribes, or gifts receive,
 Although thereby the whole World he might have:
 Nor will to any use employ this Stone,
 But for the Church, and Commonwealth alone.
 If thou do'st find thy self such one to be,
 Take thou the Stone, it doth belong to thee.

I must confess (said I) I much desire
 To have the same, and did intend t' require
 It at thy hands, but henceforth will not crave it,
 Because I far unworthy am to have it:
 So difficult a thing it seems to me,
 That such a man upon the Earth should be.
 Though I could all the rest; yet could I scant
 Forbear to help my Wife, or Child in want.
 Nay, that one may with safety do (said he)
 Or ought belongs to his necessity:

*How they
 must be
 qualified
 that can
 obtaine the
 Philosophers stone.*

But

But any other way must not exceed,
 Unless his Countrey, or Religion bleed
 For want of help, and in such case he may
 Unto his bounty give access, and way.

And because I will thee some favour show,
 A little taste thereof I will bestow
 Upon thee strait, which I will cause thee drink,
 Whereby thou shalt esteem thy self, and think,
 Thou art more happy, by one Cup of Wine,
 Than if the best Town on the Earth were thine.
 This said, he took the Stone into his hand,
 And bruised a piece thereof as small as sand:
 Then strait-way did appear a Cup of Wine
 To come in presence, by his power Divine,
 He cast the bruised Stone into the Cup,
 And at one draught, he made me drink it up.
 What have I gain'd by this? I know no more
 (said I) by drinking this, than heretofore.

Then mark (said he) when a *Religious King*
 Shall want supply of Gold for any thing
 V Which tends to Countreys, or Religions gain,
 And knows not how such Treasure to obtain,
 Unless he drain it from his Subjects backs,
 V Who are o'r-burthened with Rents and Racks,
 Do but thy mind to such a *Prince* unfold,
 And every word thou speak'st shall turn to Gold.
 So shalt thou cure thy *Royal King* of care,
 And from poor *Commons* purchase many a prayer,
 V When thou shalt multiply their *Princes* store,
 Yet they, nor theirs, be burthened therefore.
 In this case shall thy words onely prevail,
 And turn to Gold: but in all other fail.

I never shall make trial of this thing,
 Nor come (said I) in presence of a King;
 I lead my life within an obscure place,
 And in the World have no great name, or grace,
 So once (said he) was *Joseph* in a pit,
 Yet afterwards in higher place did sit

In *Pharaoh's* Court, the greatest in his Land,
 And faithful prov'd, in all he took in hand.
God alwaies works by Men of low degree,
 And simple means, that Men may know 't is he
 That aſterh all, can raiſe the lowly one,
 As *David*, from a Sheep-hook to a Throne.
 But now remember where I firſt thee found,
 And here I leave thee on the ſelf-ſame ground;
 Ponder theſe things, and when thou findeſt them true,
 Remember *God*, and me, And ſo

Adieu.

VVith that I rouz'd my ſelf, but could eſpy
 No body in the place, but *God and I*,
 As goes the *Proverb*: only there I found
 A *Scrowl* of written paper on the ground,
 VVhich taking in my hand, I did begin
 To read the ſame, and found theſe words therein

The Scrowl.

Thut thou muſt know thy foreſaid Viſion's true,
 Theſe ſhall be ſigns, and ſhortly ſhall enſue;
 For thou ſhalt free thy native Common-wealth
 From begging Rogues, and Theeves that live by ſtealth,
 In driving Droins and ſlugaards from their hives,
 And placing Bees of more laborious lives.
 And by Heavens help, within few years to come
 Shalt ſee thy King, *Monarch of Chriſtendom*.
 VVith other things, of excellence moſt rare,
 VVhich I to thee hereafter will declare.

M. A.

VVhich having read, I bluſht, and lookt about me,
 Fearing ſome man had writ the ſame to flout me;
 But ſpying none, I muſ'd how this could be,
 That ſuch employments were reſerv'd for me:
 At which amaz'd, I know not by what chance
 My Spirits failing, I fell in a trance,
 VVherein (I thought) unto me did appear,
 A lovely VVight, with grave and ſober cheer.

F

Mont

St. Iohn's
speech.

Numb. 24
v. 17.

Mortal (said he) I charge thee to resort
VVith all speed possible unto the *Court*,
And there declare unto *Great Britains King*,
That I have sent thee to declare this thing.
If he demand my name, say it is *Iohn*
Who wrote the *Book of Revelation*.
Then tell him, in the *Numbers* he may read
How that a Wizard (*Balaam*) prophesied
Of *Iesus Christ*: And likewise it appears,
(How that one *Merlin*, who liv'd many years
Ago in *Britain*) by some old Records,
Did prophesy in these, or such like words.

A Prophecy of Merlins.

*After the many irruptions in this Land
By forein Kings: yet let men understand,
The time shall come, that in despite of them,
Our Kings shall wear Brute's antient Diadem.*

If this be true, as it appears no less,
How could a Witch, or Devil, better guess?

It is well known, how that in time of old,
Brute (as a Monarch) did all *Britain* hold.
And that his seed and issue rul'd the same,
Until the *Gospel* into *Britain* came;
And was embraced wholly through the Land,
So that *Brute's Monarchy* did thereby stand,
Not only having all one King alone,
But all consenting in Religion.

But *Brute*, unto his children did divide
His *Monarchy*; which did not long abide
After the *Gospel* flourish'd: for even then
The *Devil* envying th' happiness of Men,
Began to sow his *Tares* amongst this Corn,
So that *Brute's* children they begun to scorn
Each others happiness; and so brought in
Strangers to Rule: (the punishment of Sin)
By which unlucky, dismal, fatal chance,
Came many Rulers, and much Ignorance.

So that *ten Kings* at once did Scepters sway,
And true *Religion* dayly did decay.

Which *God* (in Mercy) minding to repair,
Hath molded for old *Brute*, a son and heir,
Not only for to rule the Land alone,
But to establish true Religion.

But see, the Devil hath even now begun
To skreen the glory of this rising Sun;
Doubting that if this *Monarch* should have peace,
So that his Crown, and Subjects should increase,
He would espy his own: and by and by
Advance his Horns against proud *Italy*,
Of which by *Brute* he is undoubted heir,
And plant Religion, and *Christ's* Banners there.

Which to prevent, the *Dev'll* has Treason sown,
Such, in that Kingdom yet was never known.
The last he plotted (they have not forgot)
Was that most horrible *Black-powder Plot*:
But that, in competition cannot stand,
With this *White-powder Plot* that's now in hand.
One Plot, I rather fear I might say plots,
Besides that show of rising by the *Scots*,
Which I commend nor, but condemn, for Hell
Is the Ring-leader to all that rebel.

God laid them open in that *Treason Black*;
But *White* strikes dead, and yet it gives no crack.

The Peoples love (which is a Prince's heart)
The *Devil* seeks to hatred to convert.
The hand is lifted up to strike us down,
He comes full neer my head, who hits my crown.
The *Romanists* him Governour admit,
But as for Head they'll not acknowledg it.
And certainly Men will repute him dead,
Who wants a Heart, or is without a Head.
But they that take the one half of his right,
Would also have the rest if that they might;
And when they see their time, will have a cast
To hazard all, or else to throw their last.

Ten Kings
at once in
Britain.

Revel.
17. v. 16.
K. Heir to
Italy.

*A White
Powder
plot more
dangerous
than the
Black.
The Devils
policy,
Papists
deny the
King's su-
premacy.*

Thus by degrees, this Plot he doth contrive,
 Because things rashly acted seldom thrive.
 But works digested with a solid brain,
 Are never impotent, or prove in vain.
 The *Plot* is Sable, though the colour 's *White*,
Satan 's transformed to a *Saint of light*.
 And if prevention do it not withstand
 The platform 's laid, which will consume the Land.
 Which *God* fore-seeing, (who doth all things see)
 Hath sent me down, to tell the same to thee,
 Knowing thou art thy King and Countries Lover,
 And therefore I here charge thee to discover
 The things intended; that advice may blot,
 This later, as the former *Powder-plot*.
 So that by stripping naked of the thing,
 Thou shalt do service to thy Royal King;
 Who, if he look therein, may well perceive,
 How those *Arch-Traitors*, who did proudly heave
 His Fathers issue to have overthrown
 Were mild, compar'd with this against his own.
 For no such danger is in open Foes,
 As seeming Friends, who Plot our overthrows.
 But *God* who alwaies stands his Servants friend,
 Returns wrath on the Plotters in the end:
 Who having plac'd his Love upon this *Crown*,
 VWill never suffer *Treason* pull it down;
 Until all be perform'd as he hath willed,
 And what I prophesied be fulfilled.
 I *John* have spoken it, (say) it was I,
 VWho never spake, or writ, ought prov'd a ly.
 VVith that unto my self I came again,
 Much wondering, at the wandering of my brain,
 Casting about me many a meager look,
 At last a *Bible* in my hand I took,
 And found each word he said, was very true
 In both the *Testaments*, of old and new:
 Ch. 24 17. For in the *Numbers* I did find it there,
 Of *Christ* the VVizard *Balaam* did declare.

Revel. 17.

16, 17.

St. Iohn's

Speech

ends.

Which thus unto my self I did apply,
 If *Balaam* of the *King of Kings*; then why
 May not our *Merlin*, (as in other things)
 Propheſie truly of our *Britiſh Kings*?
 And ſince the preterperfect did not fail,
 The future without queſtion muſt prevail,
 When it is ſeconded by ſuch a one
 As the true Propheſy, (*Chriſt's* beloved) *John*.

And ſeeing we fore-ſee the Devil's Treason,
 We ſhould prove Fools, and quite devoid of reaſon,
 If we ſhould mury, eat, and drink, and ſtand,
 Until this Deluge overflow our Land.
 Or ſtand as Statues, made of helpleſs Lead,
 Until our fainting body loſe her Head;
 Which being loſt, by Treasons poiſon'd Dart,
 What hope of Safety is left for the Heart?

Which to prevent, *Great Heroes* lend a hand,
Grave Senators of this our fruitful Land.
 Nay look (*Great Charls*) and tender thine own blood,
 Whereon depends our ſafety, and our good.
 As Subjects without King are nothing, then,
 A King, is King of nothing, wanting Men.
 And as good loſe a man as loſe his heart
 Which guideth all, and is the nobleſt part.

Me think I hear that *Zedekiah* ſwears,
 He preſently will have me by the ears,
 As once he hit *Micaiah* on the cheek,
 VVhen (by good counſel,) he did truly ſeek
 To ſave his King from fore-ſeen death indeed,
 VVhich he neglecting, followed with ſpeed.
 And yet a poor *Micaiah* muſt not fear
 To ſpeak the truth for a ſound box o' th' ear.
 Then *Zoilus* he ſteps in, and thus doth ſay,
 I muſt not ſpeak of *Scripture*, I am *Lay*:
 And 't is not lawful for a *Layman's* tongue
 To ſpeak of *Scripture*, or ought doth belong
 To ſtate occaſions; *Zoilus*, hold thy prate,
 Each Subject hath a property i' th' State:

*The Poet's
 zeal for his
 King and
 Country.*

1 Kings
 22. 24.

And

And curst be his tongue in hateful Hell,
 VWho knows of Treason, and yet will not tell;
 Or will not counsel give (under controul)
 For safety of his *Princes* life, or soul;
 Or doth esteem his own honour, or wealth,
 Before his *Sovereigns* safety and his health.
 Though *Haman* hold his tongue, and all conceal,
 Good *Mordecai* will his plots reveal.
 But yet I hope our *Cesar* need not fear -
A *Zedekiah* or a *Haman* here :
 VWhich if there be, all loyal Subjects then
 Kneel down, and wish them *Haman's* end.

*Subjects
 are bound
 to speak in
 these cases.*

Esther
 6. v. 2.

Amen.

Si Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos.

GEORGE MAY.

F I N I S.

A Dialogue between the Author and the World.

World.



Ho wrote this Book? *AN.* A friend of mine a Poet.

W. Oh then he's poor. *A.* Alas for wo, I know it.

W. I care not for such men. *A.* nor they for thee.

W. VVhy, greatest *Monarchs* are in love with me:
For those I love I fill with wealth and store.

A. Yet (wanting Virtue) these but make them poor.

W. Nay wealth buyes all things. *A.* wicked VVorld thou ly'st;

Thy Prince could not obtain of *Jesus Christ*,

The smallest bending of his humble knee,

For all the wealth and glory was in thee.

W. I speak of Earthly things, and not of Heaven.

A. VVhose joy's on Earth, of Heavenly joy's bereaven.

W. I see thou art grown foolishly Divine.

A. Yea: and therein more wise than thou or thine.

W. VVhy sayst thou so? thou seest the *Lawyers* dare

Not speake a word against me at the Bar,

Nor any one of ne'r so high degree;

The Pulpits dare not speak; although they see;

I charge thee then, obey at my command,

As thou dost look for favor at my hand.

A. Avant *vain World*, I laugh in scorn, thy folly,

Thy frenzy doth proceed from Melancholy,

VVhich doth distil from thy Earth-heavy brain,

Thou art half mad, thy wits are in the wain,

They Leaden heels are nail'd to Earth below,

And higher things art not inur'd to know.

W. VVhat art thou, not of *Adam* this my womb

First gave him birth, and afterwards a Tomb.

A. Our Earth's gross substance from thy womb we have,

But our best part shall never taste the Grave;

Th' art like the Apple given to work him evil,

A seeming Saint, but Factor for the Devil.

W. VVhat, was I not created before
Declare those Attributes belong the Son.
A. God did create thee for the Creatures use,
And not to prostitute thee to abuse.

The Worlds
Attributes.

These are thy Attributes: A Sea of Glais,
Pageant of fond delights, Vanities Ais,
Labyrinth of Error, Gulf of grief, A Stry
Of filchings, A Vale of misery,
A spectacle of wo, River of tears,
A Cage of scritch-owls, Den of VVolves and Bears,
Whirl-wind of passions, Cabin of idleness,
A nest of Scorpions, Deaths vast Wilderness,
A painted Comedy, Delightful madness,
Wher's false delight, but right assured sadness,
Uncertain pleasures, Fleeting fickle Wealth,
Long heaviness, Short joy, Unconstant health,
These are thy *Epithetes*; he's mad would have
A Master to himself, of such a Slave.

W. I'm glad I know 't, Thou shalt not have a bed
Whereon to ly, nor house to hide thy head.
Honour and Riches shall be none of thine,
Nor any thing, that I can say is mine.

A. Thou art deceiv'd, when thou hast done thy worst,
They shall be blest, that are by thee accurst.

My Saviour said, *The Swallow hath a nest,*
But not the Son of Man wherein to rest.

I care not for thy Riches, or thy honor.

He's mad so loves the World so does upon her.

Love thou the Lord (my Soul) who sits above.

Thou shalt have Honour, Riches, Peace, and Love.

Altera peior, una formis, et una specie.
Meliora spero.

Non est mortale, quod apto.

G. M.

FINIS.

[illegible]